The new experience of being on a train soon grew boring for Enrico. At first he ran from side to side looking at the countryside through which they were passing. Then it grew dark and he was tired. Luella tucked him up with a rug the courier had brought with him and he was soon sound asleep.

It seemed a long night.

When they stopped in the morning Luella was glad to get out and walk to the restaurant on the station. She longed for a bath to wash away the smell and dust of the train. She knew, however, it would be a long time before she could have one.

Enrico and the courier both ate a good breakfast, but Luella did not feel hungry. She was, however, glad of the hot coffee. Yet for some reason it reminded her of the coffee that Signor Vecchio had offered her. She remembered how in a strange way the offer had made her feel frightened.